

The Conning Tower

Faith

Some say the fairies are dead,
But I cannot believe it.
Some say that Germany will never be again
What she was before steel cramped her imagination
And gunpowder blew the fragments of her real self
Into a stalking demon.
And yet I cannot believe that, either.
Last night I dreamed that the fairies were coming back to Ger-
many

When we who also give them scant space for play
Shall have swept Germany clean of steel and gunpowder,
And I heard the fairies say
That we had better hurry that work,
Or there would be no place for them
Anywhere.

Ar.

Add honors for contrab: George S. Patterson is a private in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, and old Mel Price is about to leave for France as a private in the U. S. Medical Corps. "I have had so many physical exams," says Private Price, "that every time I see a doctor now I automatically begin to disrobe."

T. R. ON DR. KUNO MEYER

As to Dr. Kuno Meyer,
I assert that he's a misquoting.

Residence in Washington aroused in us a deep and fascinated interest in the esteemed Congressional Record. When the Record is two or three days late in arriving—as it generally is—the day doesn't begin right for us any more.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPYS

August 8—All the day at my tasks, which appear daily to multiply, and in the evening to meet Will White and Henry Allen, who tell me they are going to France for the Red Cross, and we to the playhouse and saw "Hitchy Koo," the merriest harlequinade I have seen of all those in town, and R. Hitchcock espied Will and made droll remarks about him. To an inn, where H. Allen got me some chicken livers and a bottle of sarsaparilla, and so home, and to bed.

9—Read this day K. Norris's "Martie the Unconquered," wherein is some of the best characterization she has yet written. To the office, where all afternoon, and with my wife and Mistress Brenon to dinner.

10—Up betimes, and to the office, where all the day labouring, save for five or six hours when visitors came in to stay a minute or two. But I was glad of seeing them, in especial Will Beebe and H. Canby.

11—To the courts with S. Spaeth; and the rest of the day in working at my book of verses, which seemeth so inconsequential that I am minded to throw it all away, save that I have others to think of but myself.

Versificatio facilis Latina!
Sequitur "Agnus Parvulus Mariae."
Carmina nota, et illa Theodorus
Robinson scripsit:

AGNUS MARIAE

Mariae parvulus parvus erat agnus;
Candida sicut nix erat lanugo.
Quocumque est illa, ille est convagatus.
Quoque cum ea.

Aliaque die, quod et contra leges
Scholae fuit, secutus est ad scholam.
Agnus videntes, riserunt infantes,
Luseruntque omnes.

Unde projectus, in vicinitate
Patens est moratus, et tempore
Eo quam pulchra domina apparisset,
Ille expectavit.

"Agnus quia causa diligit Mariam?"
Liberi laeti sic inquisiverunt.
"Agnus quod ecce diligit Maria!"
Magister inquit.

Ring in Wonderland

[Ring W. Lardner in the Chicago Tribune.]
New York, Aug. 5—"Have you three seats for 'Hitchy-Koo' tonight?" we asked the lady behind the cigar counter.
"Yes," she replied. "Three in the seventh row. Four apiece."
"Can you hold them till 6 o'clock?"
"No, but maybe I can do better for you then."
At 6 o'clock she could do better. She could give us the three in the seventh row, but the price was now four-fifty apiece.
"They sell out every night," she said.
So we went to the box office at 8:10 o'clock and acquired three at two-fifty per each, which is the regular price.

Some of the patriotic boys in Yonkers have stopped playing hide-and-seek. They now play camouflage.

The Insidious Power of the Press

[From the Elmira Telegram.]
To the Editor of the Telegram:
I wish to call your attention that I do not approve of your methods of putting photographs of women in your papers with statements underneath them stating that Mrs. So and So will leave to-morrow for Sedus Bay, or some other destination, to rough it. Because those sort of publications might influence some women to spend their vacation in that sort of conduct.
A. P. WEGENER.

It will be a glorious day for eternal apopositeness when Dr. Kokoshkine of the new Russian Cabinet pays a visit to Coshocton, O.

AT THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Proudly I mount the winding marble stairs;
With head erect I march along the halls;
I put a friendly hand against the walls;
And lo! I have forgot the day's affairs.
So here I leave behind my petty cares,
My paltry wisdom now unheeded falls;
For here an old, insistent sibil calls
And in my heart an ancient spirl flares.

For I have lived before in many lands
Ere now I came upon this little day;
But all my dreams are fled, my memories gone,
Till I feel marble glow beneath my hands—
And then my chariot rolls the Appian Way,
Again I walk with kings in Babylon!

WILL LOU.

Another answer to Mr. Norman Hapgood's "What will the world be like in 1927?"—a mournful one, too—is "Not so crowded."

By the way, if you must speak of cantanments, you are safe in accenting the antepenult.

WAR

She sits and sews upon a tiny shirt
Of gossamer; the fire on the hearth
But half reflects the glory of her cheek;
And now she glances up, the tender eyes
Are mended o'er and fathomless with dreams—
I wonder, can she think that soldiers wear
Such fairly-modelled things as that? Ah, God!
The pity of it when she knows they do!

F. T. K.

The government needs 3,840 more cooks, which is hardly enough to spoil the broth required.

Flatfootedness has ceased to be a bar to enlistment in the German army.

As to flatfootedness, that never was.

THE SINEWS OF WAR

California Farmers Are Organizing for Great Food Campaign Next Year

By THEODORE M. KNAPPEN

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 11.—"I want to do something for the cause. I can't fight. Let me help swell the volume of food production. Two friends and myself stand ready to give \$15,000 for that purpose."

The speaker was Mr. W. B. Wellman, a wholesale grocer, of San Francisco. He was making the offer to the California Development Board. Mr. Wellman, being a dealer in foods, had early foreseen that the food problem would be one of the greatest of the war. He had tried to persuade the State Wholesale Grocers' Association to take up the work of stimulating the production of food and its utilization without waste and unnecessary expense. The association was obdurate, so Mr. Wellman determined to start something himself.

Out of that determination has grown one more experiment with the eternal question of bringing the producer and consumer of food closer together for the cheapening of the cost of living and the improvement of the producer's position. It is an experiment in a big way in a big state, where large sections of the producers are already better organized for the purpose of protecting their interests than anywhere else in America.

Mr. Wellman's main idea at first was to increase the volume of the food supply during the war. This he sought to do by creating a fund

Greater Production May Be Mistake

Mr. Wellman is now a wiser but not a sadder man. He has found, as the National Defence Council has found, as the state councils have found, that increased production may often turn out to be a serious mistake, for it may not benefit the consumer and results in discouragement to the producer. Increased production without its logical consequences in economic organization is apt to have a disastrous recoil. Because it has actually produced too much in the midst of a hungry world, California will probably reduce next year's acreage by about 20 per cent. A patriotic farmer, taking at their

face value promises that labor for harvesting and markets would be provided, planted 125 acres to cabbages—enough to supply Pershing's army with sauerkraut all winter. The labor was forthcoming, but there was no market. The cabbages have been ploughed back into the ground, and the soil is too dry and hard for a second crop of something else. The case is typical. No patriotic appeal from Herbert Hoover or anybody else is going to make that farmer exert himself next year.

Mr. Wellman decided that food production was a question for practical farmers. There were too many lawyers and university professors—and no farmers—on the state Council of Defence to please him. He also noted that so far Herbert Hoover, in dealing with the food question, has not summoned any able-bodied farmers to his assistance. Strange omission.

"A farmer," said Albert Lindley, of San Joaquin County, at the conference of practical farmers summoned through Mr. Wellman's initiative, "who doesn't take some advice from the agricultural college professors is a fool. A farmer who takes all his advice from them is a damned fool."

For this reason the California Association of Practical Farmers was "organized for the period of the war in response to the President's appeal to the farmers of the nation," under the "auspices of the California Development Board and some wholesale grocers."

The practical farmers state that their purpose is to

Provide adequate farm help.
Increase the food supply.
Eliminate the food speculator.
And the first and the last named objectives are going to be attended to first next year. They were last this year. Never again for the practical farmers. The farmers seek to get into direct touch with the urban distributors of the non-speculative kind. The purpose is to put an end to the anomaly of low prices to the farmer and high prices to the consumer, of good food thrown away in the country and not to be obtained in the city.

The fine thing about the new organization is that, while it is a farmers' organization, it is being financed by city people. It has not been created to make jobs or exploit somebody or something for somebody's benefit. It is an emergency war measure. Its working secretary and manager, Mr. W. D. Egilbert, has a rice farm in the Sacramento Valley with a \$125,000 crop on it this year. He has sent his two sons to the firing line in France, sent himself to the food front and hired a manager to take the place of himself and boys.

California has already learned how to get the individualistic American to cooperate in many ways. There are many powerful and efficient organizations of producers of different crops who have found out how to protect themselves. Now these practical farmers propose to help the weaker brethren and solve the consumer's problem for him.

The advanced farmer comes preaching and teaching economic salvation in the city wilderness.

THE MESSENGER By Frédéric Boutet

Translated by William L. McPherson

The little story which follows has only a background of war. Yet it is a true story; for what gives naturalness to its action, what universalizes its motive, is a certain emotional reaction which war generates. Pity, tenderness, forgiveness, the healing of old wounds and the forgetfulness of old scores—these things become instinctive, so far as human relationships are concerned, in the highly charged atmosphere of war time. Petty grievances fall away in days of general trial and sacrifice.

The messenger of M. Frederic Boutet's little tale is really a personification of war itself, knocking at the door of wounded hearts and sensitized consciences. M. Boutet ranks high among the French short story writers of the war period.

The narrow shop front was painted green. The interior was all filled with plants in pots and with flowers arranged in vases. Since the sun, which was unclouded that day, shone in from the front, the little shop took on the aspect of a sheltered springtime nook, enjoying a mildness which was as premature as it was charming.

A soldier, who came from the direction of Montparnasse, had stopped and was gazing at a big tuft of anemones.

"Well, soldier, are you looking for a bouquet?"
The soldier raised his eyes. It was the proprietress, a young woman with brown hair and grayish eyes, which sparkled with candor and confidence.
"A bouquet? No," he answered in a voice composed and almost drawing.
"But, you see, I am a gardener by trade. And I love flowers."
"Are you Mme. Bertha Maret?" he added, glancing at the name written across the glass door.
"Yes. I am. But why do you ask?"

"My name is Antoine Lavaud and I had last year in my section a comrade whose name was Maret."

"Ah! Won't you come inside?" said

the young woman, with a little start.

He followed her into the shop, fresh and fragrant, smelling of earth and flowers. He took off his cloak, but remained standing. He was short in body, thick-set, with a round head set on rounded shoulders, and a countenance extraordinarily pockmarked. In his little eyes there was an expression shrewd, peaceable and winning.

"What was your comrade's first name?" the young woman asked brusquely.
"Louis," he believed. Yes, that was it: Louis Maret—a big blond, a very good-looking fellow. Do you know him?"
"Is it a long time since you saw him last?" she said, ignoring his question.
"Oh, it must be several months. You see, I was wounded."

After a pause she declared:
"I am not acquainted with the person you mention. If that is what you wish to know, now you know it."

She turned away to arrange a mimosa. Her fingers trembled as she touched its fragile leaves. The soldier went away.
Some days afterward he returned. Very quietly he entered the little shop. "Excuse me if I disturb you," he said to the young woman. "But the other day, when I spoke to you about this Louis Maret, I believe I annoyed you. I didn't mean to do so."

She fixed her gray eyes squarely on him. He had the air of an honest, well-meaning man, and, after all, he could not suppress her desire for news.

"I was quick the other day," she said. "But, you see, Louis Maret—well, he was my husband. For five years he made me very unhappy. I endured everything—everything, you understand. When he left me, four years and a half ago, I felt almost like an old woman. I had suffered so much. He went away three times and three times I pardoned him. We had a fine establishment and a business which was doing well. He squandered all that I had and left me on the street with three children, the youngest only two months old. Since then nothing—not a word. The money—that I didn't care about—but the other things, I believe that it amused him to torment me. He saw to it that I should know all about his misconduct. When I was delivered of him for good I succeeded in forgetting him. Now, for me, it is finished. That is why I told you the other day that I didn't know him."

"Yes, I understand," said Antoine Lavaud, as placidly as ever. "When we were together he told me, without going into details, that he had behaved very badly toward his family. Probably he was sorry. Down there one reflects—one changes, you see."

"Nonsense," she answered, shrugging her shoulders. "Why would he have changed? Yes. When the war began I believed that he would come to see me before going to the front. That he would write me a line, at least. But no. And when he came back on leave he looked up the woman for whom he left me the last time. I know him. But it is all the same to me now. It is finished. I have my children to raise, and my occupation is a hard one. There are times, in this busy season, that I go three or four nights without sleeping."

She went off to serve a customer.

"Tell me," she asked, sharply, when she returned, "would you have done that? Would you have deserted your wife and your children?"

"Certainly not. But, you see, I have no wife and no children," he answered, softly.
From that day on he reappeared regularly. His visits to the shop seemed to please him immensely. He insisted on sweeping the floor; he watered the flowers. Most frequently he sat down and talked with the young woman. They discussed horticulture or ex-

changed views in general, and they always agreed perfectly. From time to time Lavaud dropped some phrases, evidently prepared in advance, about repentance and forgiveness, in connection with which he mentioned the name of Louis Maret.

One day he arrived early in the afternoon, seated himself opposite the young wife, who was preparing a sheaf of leaves, and said with the greatest calmness:

"I am a liar!"
She raised her eyes in astonishment. He continued:
"Listen to me. Maret was wounded the same day I was, and was brought here to the same hospital. Only he was more seriously wounded than I was and he is dead."

"Dead? He is dead? And I never saw him again? And I have never had a chance to take care of him?"

"No, no. He is not dead. He is getting along all right. One can see that you love him," said Antoine Lavaud, watching her closely.
"What I have said I agreed with him to say. We are intimate friends, and he has told me everything. He thought that you would never pardon him, and he sent me to try to arrange things little by little. He has repented, you know. He has been very wretched, since then. 'What is he?' he cried. 'Take me to him.'"

"He is at the door. He is waiting there. It is the first time he has been allowed to go out."

She listened no longer. She rushed to the door and was now sobbing as she embraced a man who had just entered and whom she could not in the bottom of her heart help feeling glad to find so aged and sorrowful, since thus, she thought, he would be perhaps more safely here.

Antoine Lavaud slipped away without being noticed.
"I have succeeded," he was happy, he said to himself, "but the street. But suddenly he felt a bitter pang, and he comprehended that in that little shop, fresh and fragrant, smelling of earth and flowers, he had passed the most miserable life—no, the company of an unforgotten woman with gray eyes who loved another whom he had brought back to her."

Heat Limits Hikes From Fort Myer

FORT MEYER, Va., Aug. 5.—Thank God it is Sunday again! This last week was almost beyond the limit. The beach at Coney Island has had nothing on the Fort Meyer parade grounds in the way of furnishing sleeping accommodations, but it is an even bet, between the heat inside and the mosquitoes outside, which is the most efficient sleep preventive. However, after several of the men had been overcome by the heat, they did call off the long "hikes" to and from the range, which is a tidy little march of twelve miles. Quite enough, thank you, for any summer's day in Virginia.

This commencement day stunt, that is going to be pulled a week from tomorrow, will probably be very impressive and very interesting to the spectators, but I can assure you that very few of us are looking forward to it with any pleasure. Just as we thought everything was settled, a lot of regulars were pushed in on us as regular mental supply officers, etc. Very efficient and much needed men, but quite as welcome, just now, as a sore toe.

No one can imagine a regular as anything less than a captain, so every regular means to us, one less captain, one less first lieutenant, one less second lieutenant, and, consequently, one more poor devil for whom there is no commission.

On the other hand, we hear that "Keller's Kids" are going to be scattered among all the new regiments as physical instructors and we will all be moved up to fill the vacancies thus created. "It's a great life if you don't weaken."

Those who have had "guts" enough to stick it out now, but to those who are going to be shown the necessary "punch" and those who have not been aggressive enough, or have not been brass enough to bump into their instructors hard enough to make any impression.

For every little dollar
You spend on clothes and fun
Just three little pennies
For the boy behind the gun.

Three little pennies
Won't mean so much to you
But millions in comfort
For our boys and Allies, too.

When there are 100 pennies in the bank the money is sent to the committee and the sender receives as a receipt a 3 per cent service bond, which is a

certificate of membership in the committee. Ten bonds entitle the holder to decoration for loyal service in the home trench line.
Miss Harriet Eva Coffin and Miss Hildegard Hawthorne are the organizers and executives of the committee. It is the work of their spare time, just as its results will be the work of the spare thoughts and pennies of thousands of other young women.

As clothes and pleasures are both very dear to the feminine heart," said Miss Coffin, "most of our dollars go that way. So it is not asking a great deal of any girl to save only three pennies every time she spends a dollar on herself. Then, although she does not wear her country's uniform, she knows within her heart that every gown or smart hat or pretty pair of pumps has been bought with a patriotic dollar, and bears unseen the trademark of her voluntary sacrifice."

"My problem was the problem of every business girl—lack of time to knit or sew or fold bandages. My time from 9 to 5 o'clock each weekday belonged to my employer. I felt like a slacker, and so I was. In searching my own mind for a task suited to my brain and hands, the 3 per cent service bond idea presented itself. Therefore, I am sharing the little scheme with the busy girls, and asking their cooperation to make it a big factor for usefulness."

Things Not So Hopeless
All of which is not anywhere near as hopeless as it sounds. The American business man is the keenest and most adaptable cuss in the world. Most of the officers of the regular army would make good business men. Most of the men in these training camps will make good officers. There was a good deal of jealousy at first on the part of some of the regular army officers, especially the West Pointers, and a good deal of hard feeling on the part of some of the men who came to these camps with commissions in the Reserve Corps, but a great deal of tact on the part of the powers that be, together with the ever increasing seriousness of the situation, has smoothed down most of the ruffled feathers.

We hear now (rumor No. 2,055) that those who get their commissions at the end of this camp will be allowed to wear the "U. S. R." on their collars, instead of the "U. S. R." (the "R" standing for Reserve). We hope it is true, for it would help us tremendously in handling the new army, and God knows we need all the help we can get. We look up, and just now, to the officers in our regular army. We covet and need their distinction, and such a move would do more than anything else to prove that the old order of things has passed for good and all.

It would mean that for the period of this war, at least, the regular army, the National Guard and the new army have been, in fact, welded into one great National Army in which nothing but efficiency will count and whose only aim is victory.

SERGEANT HILL

Are Women People?

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Democracy Begins at Home

Scene: A colonnaded shrine. Democracy, a colossal female figure, is in the centre; on each side of the shrine stand groups of suffragists, silently appealing.

Enter a group of soldiers; they kneel at the shrine.

Soldiers:

Oh, Goddess, fair and kind and pure,
At thy request, at thy commands,
To fates unknown in foreign lands
We go—to make the world secure
For thee, oh, Goddess, fair and pure;
To make thy pathways safe and clear,
(Puzzled)
What are these women doing here?

Enter a group of anti-suffragists. They look at the statue, but do not kneel.

Antis.

Oh, what a common, crowded place!
Oh, what an unalluring face!
No mystery or charm or grace,
So strong she looks, and active.

It really is ridiculous
That there should be this endless fuss
About Democracy—to us
She seems so unattractive.

But if it's true, as all aver,
There will be, are, and always were
Men glad to fight and die for her
And her increased dominion,
Let them establish her by force
Of arms and guns and men and horse,

But far across the seas, of course,
Not here—that's our opinion.
No lady likes to vote, my dear.

(Surprised)
What are these women doing here?

Enter a worshipper who looks a little bit like Mr. Root.

Worshipper.

Oh, Goddess, in my early youth
I did not worship thee aright;
But not too late I knew the truth—
I saw, and not too late, the light.

And now in every public speech
I call on thee, and well content
To be thy prophet, now I preach
The blessings of self-government.

Thy universal reign is near—
(Angrily)
What are these women doing here?

Enter a group of elderly gentlemen who somewhat resemble the Justices of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. They kneel with smiles.

Justices (whispering to the Goddess).

Democracy, you did not doubt
That we could find a neat way out;
This is our perfect, simple plan:
A person only is a man.

Thus we can logically say
The people ought to have their way.
Vox populi—not women's, though;
They are not people—no, no, no,
Our minds are keen, well trained and clear.
These women have no business here.

Enter another worshipper, who might almost be the President of the United States.

The Worshipper.

Since first our forefathers beheld
Thy face and played their mighty parts,
Oh, Goddess, we have always held
Thy interests nearest to our hearts;

And when we knew that foes of thine
Were stalking cruelly abroad
We cried: "Oh, Goddess, just, benign,
For thee, for thee, we draw the sword!"

Only for thee would we endure
To turn from gentleness and peace,
Only to make the world secure
For thee, that tyranny should cease;

That all the people who obey
The law should have an equal share
In making law—only this way
Can governments be right and fair;

That all the nations of this earth
Be free. How strange, how very queer,
I thought I heard a sound of mirth?
(Angrily)
What are these women doing here?

Democracy.

After a silence, Democracy raises her hand.
Oh, gentlemen, I must confess,
With all your democratic fire,
I think it odd you cannot guess
What women seek, what they desire.

They seek what you have always sought,
They bend the knee, they make their vow,
For that for which your fathers fought,
For which your sons are fighting now.

You sing my praises high and low,
Your phrases ring across the foam,
And yet, like Charity, you know,
Democracy begins at home.

Industrial Foundation To Cheer U. S. Soldiers

The Industrial Evangelical Foundation, incorporated in 1910 to "bring the Gospel message to the industrial class," has established a military "good cheer" department, which, according to the announcement made by the foundation, "will be operated until the close of the war or until the service is no longer necessary."

A. M. Bruner, national secretary of the foundation, is cheer leader. Among the functions of the department are: Visitation to camps, stations and hospitals. Cooperation with other agencies for the comfort, diversion and encouragement of the men, delivering pa-

triotic, inspirational and religious addresses, acting as a connecting link between the home and field, and securing and distributing helpful and inspiring literature to aid in relieving the monotony of camp life.
Among the first bits of cheer to be distributed will be 100,000 copies of a book of epigrams entitled "The Optimist vs. The Pessimist," written and published by Henry N. Hansen. The books which the soldiers will get constitute a special war edition. A gift of \$2,500 will provide them for the soldiers already in France. Excerpts from the book follow:
The optimist invites fenestration. The pessimist is content with the gloom.
The optimist sees the big thing to do and does it. The proposition must be outlined for the pessimist.
The pessimist was mortified when the alarm clock was invented. The optimist was 'de-lighted.'